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Dear Mr. Friedman —

Ought I answer so soon — or should I not! That is the weighty problem that now confronts me. And I appeal to you — who are a solver of all great problems — do you deserve it? But conditions are in confusion — everyone is busy, I have no one to talk to. So will you let me talk to you?

First to thank you also for your New Year's card. But, if you missed the Mardi Gras, so did I and I reckon if you felt badly — I felt worse for I missed it only by a truck of the

later proved unsuccessful. In the meanwhile the folks were awaiting supper for me and started out for the parade near nine. You can imagine how badly I felt, and, shall do feel, when Rose told me this. It was a rush up all around. So you see even though you were thousands and thousands of miles away you saw just as much of the parade as I did.

And now, Mr. Ranger Man, confess frankly would you be so cruel as to rob me of the only roses that I have became I made an honest assertion? If you mean this — then you are indeed, all that I said you were, and more. To deprive me of this — and you know I

weather man. I had made arrangements to leave the store early and thus present your folks waiting. Well, all that afternoon it poured as though the bottom of the sky had come out! There would be no parade that was in that weather, I knew. So I waited until about 7 P. M. and then started for home, as it was still pouring; intending to call up about 7.30, so as to talk to Rose. Needless to say, no sooner had I gotten off the station it began to clear, so I flew to the telephone to let Rose know that it would be too late for me to start out. Try as I would I couldn't get the Switchkeeper to answer. Even several attempts

would be unable to obtain another — is to take from me an absolute necessity, leaving me miserable; and yet you would possess two — more than was meant for any mortal to have. Would that be fair and honest? And if you remember the Sunday you escorted me home from Sea Gate, you'll remember I was bold enough to assert, verbally, this same true cold fact, and yet — and yet, — I am still in possession of my nose. "Can an attorney be just as honest as a pharmacist?" Well, — after I explain to you, I shall leave you judge for yourself. That you should even hint at a comparison! So deeply grieves me, that it is only with a great effort, that I can utter these facts. The ordinary attorney begins his

day at 9. – 9.30 or ten, and at 4.30 or 5 P.M. he can be seen leaving his office clad in a high silk hat, kid gloves and etc. But those noble, pain relievers of our class, sacrifice their health and time for the public. They begin at 7.30 and continue their good work until 11 P.M. — Yet which class amasses the most money in a certain time? The pharmacist no! — because he is too honest and sympathetic! It is he – he, or (she) who is the good samaritan, who takes it upon him or herself, to restore to good health the poor victim after the attorney and lawyer has relieved them of their pocket-books at the cost of their health. It is

And now my dear friend, before drawing my lecture to a close, allow me ~~to me~~ to make a little correction in your letter: "We lawyers, do more to alleviate the public of their cash and property than any other class or classes of men". I am sure after reading this, you will wish me to do so, to correct this slight error of yours which you probably made unthinkingly. (You are welcome).

Enough of nonsence. I'll try to talk sensibly now. Since the folks have gone to the Grove, goodness only knows when we shall see each other. I received an invitation from Hinkels in Rose's name to be a guest at their

We - who mend broken hearts, knits heads etc. - we who labor long and unrewarded - not you. Then you will say that your hours are short, and that if you work harder and more energetic than we do, and if you do amass wealth it is because you have an enormous supply of gray matter in your cerebrum. I agree with you - it is a pity how hard you sometimes must work to part some individuals from their cash and in order to prove to these poor, to be pitied mortals, that you are right, after their commonsense shouts that you are wrong, wrong!

opening anniversary celebration.

Conditions in the city are becoming horrible. The supply of milk had been diminished due to the fact that the farmers were striking for more money for their milk. Can you picture the panic it caused among the mothers of babies? This has been settled to-day, but of course at the expense of the consumers. The price of milk is raised. Bread has gone up in price but diminished in the size of the loaf. The car-people are on a strike as well as a million of other traders. It sure does look as though there is going to be a dreadful hard winter, and what the poor folks will do, is beyond me.

And now I shall close asking you to please overlook the tossing-not of note and not to judge me too harshly because of it. If you wish it, and if you care real soon, my next volume will be more interesting, dealing on Black Stone.

Sincerely
Frances Le Due